

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL



THREE HOURS AT THE CROSS

From 12noon on Friday 7th April 2023



12 noon HYMN: The royal banners forward go

The royal banners forward go,
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow,
Where he in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
Life's torrent rushing from his side,
To wash us in that precious flood,
Where mingled water flowed, and blood.

Fulfilled is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old,
The universal Lord is he,
Who reigns and triumphs from the tree.

O Tree of beauty, Tree of light,
O Tree with royal purple dight,
Elect on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find their rest!

On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung,
The price of humankind to pay
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

O Cross, our one reliance, hail!
So may thy power with us prevail
To give new virtue to the saint,
And pardon to the penitent.

To thee, eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
Whom by thy Cross thou dost restore,
Preserve and govern evermore. Amen.

Words: Venantius Fortunatus, translated by J. M Neale

Music: Percy Buck

12.20 HYMN: Morning glory, starlit sky

**Morning glory, starlit sky,
soaring music, scholar's truth,
flight of swallows, autumn leaves,
memory's treasure, grace of youth:**

**Open are the gifts of God,
gifts of love to mind and sense;
hidden is love's agony,
love's endeavor, love's expense.**

**Love that gives, gives ever more,
gives with zeal, with eager hands,
spares not, keeps not, all outpours,
ventures all its all expends.**

**Drained is love in making full,
bound in setting others free,
poor in making many rich,
weak in giving power to be.**

**Therefore he who shows us God
helpless hangs upon the tree;
and the nails and crown of thorns
tell of what God's love must be.**

**Here is God: no monarch he,
throned in easy state to reign;
here is God, whose arms of love
aching, spent, the world sustain.**

*Words: W. H. Vanstone
Music: Orlando Gibbons*

12.40 CHANT: Laudate, omnes gentes - Taize
Laudate, omnes gentes, laudate Dominum!
Laudate, omnes gentes, laudate Dominum!

13.00 HYMN: We sing the praise of him who died
**We sing the praise of him who died,
Of him who died upon the Cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.**

**Inscribed upon the Cross we see
In shining letters, 'God is love';
He bears our sins upon the Tree;
He brings us mercy from above.**

**The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens ev'ry bitter cup.**

**It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light;**

**The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.**

*Words: Thomas Kelly
Music: Sir Sydney Nicholson*

13.20 HYMN: Glory be to Jesus

**Glory be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From his sacred veins.**

**Grace and life eternal
In that Blood I find;
Blest be his compassion,
Infinitely kind.**

**Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torment
Doth the world redeem.**

**Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the Blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.**

**Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs.**

**Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Hell with terror trembles,
Heaven is filled with joy.**

**Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious Blood.**

*Words: Edward Caswall
Music: F. Filitz*

13.40 CHANT: Jesus, remember me - Taize
**Jesus, remember me
when you come into your kingdom.
Jesus, remember me
when you come into your kingdom.**

14.00 HYMN: At the cross her station keeping
**At the Cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus at the last.
Through her soul, of joy bereavèd,
Bowed with anguish, deeply grieved,
Now at lengthy the sword hath passed.**

**O, that blessèd one, grief-laden,
Blessèd Mother, blessèd Maiden,
Mother of the all-holy One;
O that silent, ceaseless mourning,
O those dim eyes, never turning
From that wondrous, suffering Son.**

**Who on Christ's dear Mother gazing,
In her trouble so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who on Christ's dear Mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrow deep?**

**For his people's sins, in anguish,
There she saw the victim languish,
Bleed in torments, bleed and die:
Saw the Lord's anointed taken;
Saw her Child in death forsaken,
Heard his last expiring cry.**

**In the Passion of my Maker,
Be my sinful soul partaker,
May I bear with her my part;
Of his Passion bear the token,
In a spirit bowed and broken
Bear his death within my heart.**

**May his wounds both wound and heal me,
He enkindle, cleanse, anneal me,
Be his Cross my hope and stay.
May he, when the mountains quiver,
From that flame which burns for ever
Shield me on the judgement day.**

**Jesu, may thy Cross defend me,
And thy saving death befriend me,
Cherished by thy deathless grace;
When to dust my dust returneth,
Grant a soul that to thee yearneth
In thy Paradise a place.**

*Words: 13th century Latin
Music: S. Webbe*

14.20 HYMN: O sacred head, sore wounded
**O sacred head, sore wounded,
Defiled and put to scorn;
O kingly head, surrounded
With mocking crown of thorn:
What sorrow mars thy grandeur?
Can death thy bloom deflower?
O countenance whose splendour
The hosts of heaven adore.**

Thy beauty, long-desirèd,
Hath vanished from our sight;
Thy power is all expirèd,
And quenched the light of light.
Ah me! for whom thou diest,
Hide not so far thy grace:
Show me, O Love most highest,
The brightness of thy face.

I pray thee, Jesus, own me,
Me, Shepherd good, for thine;
Who to thy fold hast won me,
And fed with truth divine.
Me guilty, me refuse not,
Incline thy face to me,
This comfort that I lose not,
On earth to comfort thee.

In thy most bitter passion
My heart to share doth cry,
With thee for my salvation
Upon the Cross to die.
Ah, keep my heart thus movèd
To stand thy Cross beneath,
To mourn thee, well-belovèd,
Yet thank thee for thy death.

My days are few, O fail not,
With thine immortal power,
To hold me that I quail not
In death's most fearful hour:
That I may fight befriended,
And see in my last strife
To me thine arms extended
Upon the Cross of life.

*Words: Paul Gerhardt, translated by Robert Bridges
Music: Hans Leo Hassler, harmonised by J. S. Bach*

14.40 CHANT: O Lord, hear my prayer - Taize

**O Lord, hear my prayer,
O Lord, hear my prayer;
when I call answer me.
O Lord, hear my prayer,
O Lord, hear my prayer;
come and listen to me.**

14.55 HYMN: When I survey the wondrous Cross

**When I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.**

**Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.**

**See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?**

**His dying crimson like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the Tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.**

**Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.**

*Words: Isaac Watts
Music: Edward Miller*



Acknowledgements

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